

# Newport



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## Poetry.

THE ORPHAN.  
The fashion of this world passeth away.—1 Co-  
rinthians, vii. 31.

Where is thy mother? once I asked  
A little fair-haired child,  
As o'er a new-made grave he strewed  
Fresh-gathered flowers wild.  
A tiny tear stole down his cheek,  
As tremblingly he said—  
"Alas! I have no mother now,  
My poor, dear mother's dead!"

Where is thy father? then I asked,  
He bowed his little head,  
And pointing to a grave old mound,  
Sobbed—"Father, too, is dead!"  
"Poor orphan boy! is there not one  
To dry thy infant tear?  
Hast thou no brother, sister, friend?  
Are they, too, sleeping here?"

"I had a little sister once,  
But she is buried, too!  
See where I buried her in grave  
The little violet blue."  
"Where is thy home?" he upward turned  
His childish face so fair,  
And pointing to the azure dome,  
Said—"My home is there!"

"Who taught thee this, my angel boy?"  
He hesitated in reply—  
"I have a home beyond the sky,  
My mother told me so.  
And she is there, and father too,  
And little sister, dear,  
They all have gone to that sweet home,  
And left me lonely here!"

"And wouldst thou like to go there, too,  
My fair and gentle boy?"  
He clasped his tiny, dimpled hands,  
And cried in childish joy—  
"Oh, yes! I'd love to go, I would like  
To go to that good place,  
Where I should see papa again,  
And my sweet mother's face!"

And my little baby sister, too,  
My mother said I'd see:  
Oh! none are left but strangers here,  
To love and care for me!"  
"Sweet babe!" I cried—"thou'rt tearest well.  
By the unsullied air,  
That where'er the treasure is,  
There, too, will be the heart!"

"The fashion of this world may pass,"  
And all its joys decay,  
But there's a hope immortal given,  
That ne'er shall fade away.  
And like this fair and helpless child's  
Thy soul of all bereft.  
There is within the saddest heart,  
A ray of gladness left.

Though friends, like shadows, fleet away,  
And fortune's favors fly,  
The glow that love bestows the lamp  
That lights us to the sky!

## ECHOES.

Still the angel stars are shining,  
Still the rippling waters flow,  
But the night is silent  
That I heard here long ago,  
Hark! the echoes murmur low  
Long ago!

Still the wood is dim and lonely,  
Still the pasturing fountains play,  
But the place and all its beauty,  
Whither has it fled away?  
Hark! the mournful echoes say  
Fled away!

Still the bell of night complaineth—  
Now, indeed, her song is plain—  
Visions of my happy hours,  
Do I call and call in vain?  
Hark! the echoes cry again  
All in vain!

Cease, O echoes, mournful echoes!  
Once I loved your voices well;  
Now my heart is sick and weary,  
Days of old, a long farewell!  
Hark! the echoes sad and dreary  
Cry farewell, farewell!

## I LOVE THIS EARTH.

My days are waning; death seems near  
The slender thread of life to sever;  
And yet I feel my interests here,  
And my attachments strong as ever.

I love this earth. Though sight grows dim,  
And objects on my vision wane,  
I gaze at what is beautiful  
With admiration strong as ever.

Though in pursuit of fancy toys  
My soul exhausts, and my endeavor,  
Earth's rational and real joys  
I cherish still as much as ever.

Advancing years don't make earth seem  
All unattractive of my favor,  
But rather teach me to esteem  
Its genuine comforts more than ever.

Wife, children, home, this roof, these trees,  
As I am waking old, and grave,  
Their kindness, shelter, shade, and ease,  
All, all I value more than ever.

This world is not all vain, but good,  
In its primal use and flavor;  
And were it Heaven's design, I would  
Abide in such a state forever.

## Agriculture.

DAMP STABLES.—There is a valuable  
hint contained in the following experience  
of an extensive stock farmer, writing to  
the Boston Cultivator:

"When I first came to the farm which  
I now hold by purchase, I found the stables  
built under large trees and near a spring  
of water, with a northern aspect. My  
horses were soon in poor condition, with  
long and rough coats and almost always  
lax in their bowels, nor could I get them  
up by extra food or lighter work; but my  
cows suffered the most, for they were  
always sick. Their milk fell off, and  
their butter was poor, and of a bad color  
and taste, and four of them slipped their  
calves before their time. When the  
spring came they left their winter quarters  
in a worse state than I had even seen  
them, and two of them died from scours  
on going to pasture. On inquiry, I found  
that the tenant who had left had always  
been what the neighbors termed unfortu-  
nate in his horses and cattle, and from that  
cause, more than any other, he had not been  
able to make both ends meet. The truth  
 flashed upon me in an instant, and in a  
very little longer time than it has taken me  
to tell my story, I had commenced pull-  
ing down the stable, the unhealthiness  
of which had been, I was convinced the  
cause of all evil and the loss; and it was  
not more than two days before there was  
not left one stone upon another, of the  
whole fabric. I now set to work and  
erected another on higher ground removed  
from the shade of trees, with a South-  
east aspect, and a dry, capacious yard;  
and from that day I have had neither  
sickness nor sorrow in my out-door house-  
hold. My horses live on less feed, and  
are always sleek and in good condition,  
and my cows are a credit to their keeper.  
Our butter brings two cents a pound  
more in the market and for the last year  
our sales are more than doubled from the  
same number of cows and the same pas-  
ture, and no more premature calves.—  
Instead of watering my cattle as hereto-  
fore, at the spring under the trees, I sunk  
a well and put in a pump; and at a long  
trough in the yard for the summer, and  
another under shelter for the winter, my  
cattle shake their thirst without setting up  
their coats, as they used to do after drink-  
ing at the hole under the trees. Even  
when the weather was warm they were  
accustomed to shake all over as if they  
were in a fit of ague, after drinking their  
fill of this water; and to this, with the  
bad aspect of the stables, I attribute all  
the sickness and misery which I have  
experienced amongst my cattle and horses."

SALT FOR ANIMALS.—Professor Simonds  
Veterinary Inspector to the Royal Agricul-  
tural Society, observes in relation to salt  
on the animal economy, that "it is ex-  
ceedingly beneficial, in moderate quantities,  
but prejudicial in large ones." He thought  
horses might take with advantage from an  
ounce and a half to two ounces of salt  
daily; but that an excess of it would ren-  
der animals weak, debilitated and unfit  
for exertion. Similar facts were also  
applicable to oxen, which accumulate  
flesh faster by the judicious use of salt  
than without it. He cited Arthur Young  
and Sir John Sinclair, to show that salt  
had a tendency to prevent the rot in sheep.  
Prof. S. added, in his own opinion, that  
salt, by its action on the liver, and the  
supply of soda it yielded on the bile, led  
to a greater amount of nutriment being  
derived from the food. The substance,  
he said, was also well known as a ver-  
mifuge, destroying many worms in the in-  
testines of animals, and conferring a healthy  
tone of action which prevented their re-  
currence. Several members of the R.  
A. Society, as Col. Challoner and Mr.  
Fisher Hobbs, stated that their experience  
led them to agree with Professor Simonds,  
in regard to the value of salt for animals  
in reference to the mode of giving it, the  
practice of placing large lumps of rock  
salt in fields or yards, where it is accessible  
to stocks was mentioned with approbation.  
This practice is now adopted by  
many farmers in this country, and after  
several years' trial, is preferred to the  
former mode of giving salt periodically.

When animals are only allowed to have  
salt once or twice a week, it is sometimes  
the case that they eat too much, but by  
having it constantly in their reach, they eat  
such quantities as their systems require,  
and it assists the digestion, and promotes  
health and thrift.

POETRY UNDER PLUM TREES.—We  
have been presented with some specimens  
of very fine plums raised in this city.—  
Until last season the fruit on these trees  
was very imperfect, owing to the ravages  
of the curculio, but, for this season and  
the past, the fruit has been good, owing  
undoubtedly, to the fact that poultry has  
been kept under the trees. It is an ex-  
periment easily tried.

## Original Tale.

Written for the Mercury.  
SAM. HAYNE'S KNIFE.  
BY SOLOMON SUBLIUS.

It was the night before Christmas. Clear  
and starlight, but bitter cold. In the kitch-  
en of an old house in the lower part of  
this town, sat a widow and her son, a boy  
about six years of age. A man named Joe  
Morris boarded with the widow, and these  
three were the only occupants of the house.  
"I'm going to hang up my stocking to-  
night. I hope there will be a knife in it.  
All the boys at school have got a knife but  
me, and I have to borrow one when I want  
to whittle," said the boy, addressing his  
mother. "I'm going to bed now, and  
you see if I don't have a knife in the morn-  
ing."

A tear swelled in the widow's eye, as  
she thought how he would be disappointed  
in the morning. She was poor, too poor  
to buy even the most trifling toy. But  
just then, Joe Morris, the boarder, came in.

"There," said Joe as he closed the door  
behind him, "you might as well try to  
plane a white oak stick with a codfish's  
tail, as to try to make me remember any-  
thing. I intended to buy Sam a knife to-  
put in his stocking, but I forgot it. Well,  
here's one thing I didn't forget, any way,"  
and as he spoke he laid a turkey on the  
table.

Joe was general superintendent of affairs  
at the widow's. He made up the fire  
mornings, and got wood and water for the  
day before he went to his work, which  
consisted of odd jobs for the neighbors, such  
as making gardens, digging post-holes, or  
anything by which he could earn his living  
honestly; he was rough, good-natured,  
honest and blunt; but with a kind heart  
and ready hand, to help the unfortunate.  
"Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Hayne,  
"it will be but a short disappointment,  
which he will soon get over and be just as  
happy as ever."  
"I don't know about that," said Joe,  
"he ain't the boy to forget anything so  
easily. It isn't so late, I'd go and get  
him one now, but he shall have one to-  
morrow, if there's one to be had for love  
or money."

After a few words, Joe took a light and  
retired.  
Sam was up betimes in the morning.—  
He looked into his stocking, felt in it,  
turned it wrong side out, but there was  
nothing there. He was too proud to cry,  
and he swallowed the big something that  
would keep rising in his throat, with a re-  
solute air. How his look changed, as Joe  
came in shortly after and gave him a new  
shining knife. No monarch on his throne  
was half as happy as Sam then, and the  
look of gratitude which he gave Joe, sent  
a thrill to the bosom of the latter, which  
is only to those who have the pleasure of  
giving.

"I'll remember you, Joe. Some time  
when I get to be a man, I'll help you  
work," said Sam. "I mean to keep this  
knife as long as I live, and may be some  
day I'll give you something, worth as much  
as this knife is to me."

"I set my eyes by that young one," said  
Joe, after Sam had gone out to try his new  
knife. "He's an uncommon boy, he is,  
and he'll make something smart one of  
these days."

"When I am dead," said Mrs. Hayne,  
"I want you to take care of him. I shall  
leave him to you, as the best friend he has  
in the world."

"And I hope I may be hung for a darned  
tory, if I don't take good care of him, and  
bring him up in the way he should go," re-  
plied Joe. "But I must go and get in  
some coal, that I promised old Whitney  
I'd see to for him, and I'll be back in time  
for dinner."

"By Jay," soliloquized Joe as he got out  
of doors, "I don't believe she'll live long.  
I never noticed it before, but she's got a  
sneezing bad cough. I don't think she'll  
stand it through the winter. But she'll be  
just as well as I know how." So think-  
ing of his protegee, he shoveled the coal  
into the cellar and returned home.

Spring came, but his flowers bloomed on  
the widow's grave. True to his promise,  
Joe took little Sam under his charge, and  
paid his board, and he kept him regularly  
at school until he was fourteen years old.  
He then got employment on a farm for a  
couple of years, during which time the  
feverish which ended in the revolution,  
was going on throughout the colonies. In  
1776, after the British had taken possession  
of Rhode Island, both Sam and Joe enlist-  
ed in the army, and continued with the  
provincials through the battles and priva-  
tions which they endured.

Just before the surrender of Burgoyne,  
Joe volunteered his services to go into the  
camp of the enemy as a spy. He disguised  
thoroughly, and proceeded with great cau-  
tion, but was unfortunately captured, and  
proof of his occupation being found upon

him, he was condemned to death, accord-  
ing to the common usage of nations.—  
Sam, whom we now find as Lieutenant  
Hayne, waited until the time for Joe to  
return had passed, when, alarmed at his  
absence, he determined to set out to seek  
him, and if possible to aid him all in his  
power.

Disguising himself as a farmer, he pro-  
ceeded to the British lines. He managed to  
pass the sentinel without observation,  
as the night was dark and cloudy. He  
stowed himself away in camp until morn-  
ing, when he was arrested, and carried  
before an officer for examination. Not  
even his most intimate friends would have  
recognized him. His face was dirty, and  
wore an idiotic grin of amazement and  
light, at the number of gaudy uniforms by  
which he was surrounded. He was dressed  
in a smock frock that reached to his knees  
—pants that lacked some six inches of  
reaching to a dilapidated pair of shoes—  
while his hair was bound on to his head,  
by a tangled mass of straw, that had once  
been a hat. The senior officer questioned  
him closely, and he was thoroughly  
searched, but nothing could be found  
which would induce any other belief than  
that he was an idiot, so he was allowed to  
wander about the tents, and be a butt for  
the soldiers. During the day he learned  
that an execution would take place the  
following day, at which time some desert-  
ers, and also Joe Morris, would be "ba-  
coned," as some of the soldiers expressed  
it.

Night set in cold, dark, and cloudy, but  
without rain. At eight o'clock in the  
evening, the guard which had been on  
duty before the door where Joe was con-  
fined, was relieved, and a man put in his  
place whose acquaintance Sam had formed  
during the day. As soon as the relief  
guard, which was going round the out-  
posts, had got back to the guard tent, Sam  
sauntered up to the sentinel and with a  
half laugh, said:

"What ye goin' backwards and forwards  
here for?"

"To keep warm," said the sentinel.

"Why don't ye go in where the fire is  
then?"

"Because I have to keep guard here."

"What ye guardin'?" inquired Sam.

"O, a fellow that's going to be hung to-  
morrow," said the sentinel, "do you  
want to see him?"

"What they goin' to hang him for?"

"Botheration," said the sentinel, "don't  
ask so many questions. You got any to-  
bacco?"

"Believe so," said Sam, fumbling in his  
pockets. The sentinel came to a halt,  
and rested his musket on the ground to  
receive the tobacco. Suddenly Sam sprang  
upon him, wrested his gun from his grasp,  
and threatened him with instant death if  
he made a noise. He then bound his  
hands and gagged him, and stooped down  
to the key-hole, through which he could  
distinctly hear the breathings of the pris-  
oner. Applying his mouth to the keyhole  
he whispered Joe Morris' name.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Joe.

"Hist! It's me. Don't for Heaven's  
sake make any noise. I'll let you out  
directly."

"Is that you, Lieutenant?" Hurray,  
I'm free," exclaimed Joe, who in the ex-  
uberance of his delight, could scarcely re-  
frain yelling outright.

"Sh! don't make so much noise, or  
you will have the whole army upon us.—  
You are not free yet, but I will try what  
can be done for you," said Hayne.

Sam unfixed the bayonet from the musket  
he captured from the sentinel, and with  
the point picked the lock and went into  
the room. Here he found his friend,  
sitting in one corner, with his arms and  
feet tied.

"God bless you," said Joe, "I little  
thought to see you again. But how did  
you manage to get here?"

"Never mind that, we must be up and  
off. Come."

"But how am I to be off? Don't you  
see I'm tied? Haven't you anything to  
cut these darned ropes? They're almost  
cut my wrists and ankles off."

"Yes," said Hayne, "I've got the  
identical knife that you gave me when I  
was a boy, and with that I will give you  
your liberty."

"The deuce," exclaimed Joe. "Is it  
possible you've kept that knife so long?  
I hadn't seen it in so long that I thought  
you'd lost it. I think I'm pretty well paid  
now."

"You see," said Joe, as they passed out,  
and he made Sam feel of the indentations  
in his wrists, "I came pretty near getting  
away once, but they caught me, and tied  
them cords on, with the promise that I  
should have it round my neck to-morrow.  
And faith I began to think they told the  
truth, when darkness set in to-night."

By this time they had reached the  
outposts, where they would probably en-  
counter one of the guard. Hayne directed  
Joe to keep close behind him, and to say  
not a word, but if the sentinel challenged,  
to lay flat on the ground. He also gave

him a musket to Joe, and thus prepared, they  
kept on in the direction of the American  
camp.

As Hayne supposed, they were soon  
stopped by one of the guards, who present-  
ed his musket and ordered him to stand.—  
Joe dropped on the ground and Sam gave  
a short laugh, and kept on towards the  
sentinel.

"Oh, its you, eh," said the sentinel, who  
recognized the idiot whom he had seen  
during the day previous. What the deuce  
are you doing out here, and who was that  
with you?"

"Wart'n nobody with me," said Sam.

"I say there was," quoth the man.—  
"D—d if I don't believe you know more  
than you pretend. Stand off," said he,  
"I'll go out there and see where that fel-  
low dropped."

"Wart'n nobody with me," grinned  
Sam again.

Meanwhile, Joe had pulled himself along  
on his elbows, until he was much nearer  
the sentinel than where he first fell down.  
The latter had not gone five steps, before  
Joe seized him by the legs, and pulled him  
to the ground. The force of his fall dis-  
charged his piece, which was still cocked,  
and as the report would inevitably bring  
the relief upon them, no time was to be  
lost. Sam seized the musket and dealt the  
sentinel a blow on the head which com-  
pletely stunned him, and then they both  
fled through the darkness as fast as their  
legs could carry them. They were not a  
moment too soon, for the nearest guard had  
rushed to the scene of the skirmish, and  
discharged their muskets at the retreating  
fugitives. Fortunately they escaped with-  
out a wound, although they heard the balls  
whistle by very near them. They reached  
the camp in safety, and Joe related his  
adventures to his mess, who heard with  
dilated eyes the remarkable story about  
Lieutenant Hayne's knife.

## HOW BEN GOT CURED.

A friend of ours, whom we will call Ben,  
is one of the most enthusiastic individuals  
in regard to females we ever knew. Ben  
was married to a lovely young woman about  
a year ago, but before he was married was  
very nearly the wildest young fellow imag-  
inable. Marriage has sobered him down  
some. He was always most blissfully start-  
led by a pretty female foot, and indulged  
himself in a variety of innocent supersti-  
tions, such as "the foot is the index of the  
soul," and "a well turned ankle is prima  
facie evidence of general anatomical sym-  
metries." Yesterday, coming up Main  
street in the rain, just in front of him walk-  
ed two very neatly dressed women, shielded  
by an umbrella, and one of them care-  
ful of her skirts and embroideries, revealed  
enough of a charming foot and rounded  
ankle to set Ben half mad with curiosity to  
know the fair damsel who was the posses-  
sor thereof. Ben followed closely on up  
the street, occasionally striking a paralytic  
attitude, as more or less of the before men-  
tioned foot and ankle were revealed. They  
went into several stores but he modestly  
stood without, hoping to catch a glimpse of  
a countenance deliciously corresponding  
with that blessed foot. But as they came  
out the envious umbrella would be raised,  
and Ben followed on, unsatisfied in his  
pursuit.

So often had he tried to see her face,  
and so often had he been balked, that his  
determination was aroused, and he vowed  
to see it or perish. He walked in front of  
them—at their side—and in every position;  
but whatever station he took, was that infer-  
nal umbrella intervening, like a cotton  
rampart, between them, and his feelings  
were not in the least soothed by hearing  
an occasional unmistakable titter from be-  
hind the cotton hippodrome. "By heavens,  
they're laughing at me," exclaimed he.—  
"Now for a bold stroke!" He then attempt-  
ed to cross suddenly before them on a  
cross-walk slippery with mud, and thus  
brush away the umbrella. He did it—but  
horror of horrors! just as he did it, he slipped  
on the smooth stones and measured his  
full length in the mud! Gazing ludicrously  
up, he saw four eyes laughing down at  
him, and two red mouths shrieking with  
laughter. He looked at that ankle, follow-  
ed it up—and before him stood, almost  
dying with laughter—who do you think,  
reader?—why, his own wife. Ben was  
picked up by his wife and her friend, sun-  
dry white handkerchiefs were in busy opera-  
tion before, and confidentially added,  
"I'll tend to it hereafter." Ben is perfect-  
ly stolid on the subject of other folks' ankles,  
and says he is proprietor of the only pair  
that ever caused him any particular uneas-  
iness.

## The Breath of Heaven.

Wherever you find the virtuous woman,  
you also find a pleasant fireside, books,  
clean clothes, order, good living, gentle  
heart, music, light and model institutions  
generally. She is the flower of humanity,  
a very Venus in divinity, and her inspiration  
is the breath of Heaven.

Russia now occupies so large a space in  
the public eye, that it is desirable to have a  
familiar recollection of the principal  
facts of its history. The following brief  
account taken from "The Leisure Hour,"  
will therefore be likely to be interesting to  
the readers of the "The Mercury."

## Russia—Before Peter the Great.

The immense empire of Russia, which  
embraces in its area more than half the  
territory of Europe, and about one-third  
of that of Asia, has no ancient history.—  
Rome had risen and fallen, and the na-  
tions once tributary to her sway had  
grown up to political greatness, while Russia  
was yet a blank, a vast untravelled waste,  
but sparsely inhabited by its aboriginal bar-  
barians, and the refuge, from time to time,  
of predatory hordes of Scythians, Huns and  
Slavonians, which latter race predominated  
in the end, and, with the Goths, who oc-  
cupied the southern portion of the terri-  
tory, may be regarded as the ancestors of  
the Russians of our day. They were  
idolaters, observant of the most cruel,  
senseless, and degrading superstitions, and  
they sternly resisted the progress of  
Christianity among them, sprinkling their  
altars with the blood of Christians as a  
peace-offering to their gods. Various other  
tribes amalgamated with those above men-  
tioned, but it cannot even be guessed in  
what proportions; and so little of ascer-  
tained fact is to be found in the records,  
such as they are, of the time, that no re-  
liance can be placed on them. It was re-  
ported that the Varangians, from the coast  
of the Black Sea, conquered the Slavoni-  
ans, and gave the first sovereign to Russia  
in the person of prince Rurik. The next  
sovereign of whom mention is made was  
Oleg, who built Novogorod, or the new  
city, which was the centre of government  
in the year 830. He was succeeded by  
three brothers, Rurik, Sennaf, and Trou-  
ver, the first of whom upon the death of  
the other two, became prince of the empire  
in 852, and gave it the name of Russia.—  
He died in 879, leaving the kingdom to  
his son Igor, then but five years old, and  
the regency to the boy's uncle Oleg, who  
governed the people with intolerable des-  
potism for thirty years. He died in 913,  
when Igor ascended the throne at the age  
of forty. This prince led the first Russian  
army against Constantinople; after  
committing unheard of barbarities, he was  
defeated by the Greeks, but he returned  
next year to the assault, and succeeded in  
levying a tribute upon Constantinople. In  
945, after a reign of thirty-two years Igor,  
marching against the Drevlians, a warlike  
people, fell into an ambush, and was  
massacred with all his guard. He was  
succeeded by Olga, his widow who acting  
as regent for twenty years, abdicated in  
favor of her son. During her reign she  
became a convert to the Christian faith,  
was canonized at her death, and is now  
the saint Helen of the Russo-Greek church,  
and a worker of miracles! Her son Svi-  
atoslof I. became sovereign in 965. He  
fell in battle at the end of seven years,  
leaving the empire divided between his  
three sons, Vladimir, Oleg and Yaropolk.  
The first of these three, having got rid of  
the other two assumed the entire sover-  
eignty in 980. He was as yet the most fer-  
ocious of Russian rulers but being a man  
of comprehensive intellect, was able to win  
the respect of the surrounding nations, and  
to introduce the first elements of civiliza-  
tion among his people. He also embrac-  
ed the Christian faith, and erected churches,  
palaces, and public institutions. To de-  
ter his subjects from apostatizing, he de-  
graded the pagan gods, and put their  
priests to bloody death. He is said to  
have died of grief in 1015, at the rebellion  
of his son Yaropolk.

The death of Vladimir the Great left the  
empire a prey to the factions of his four  
sons. Sviatoslof, Bori, Gleb and Yaros-  
lof. Sviatoslof murdered Bori, and  
Gleb, but was defeated by Yaropolk, and  
soon after died. Yaropolk ascended the  
throne in 1019, and took the title of grand  
duke. He governed well for the space of  
thirty-five years, extended the Christian  
faith, and did much for the improvement  
of his subjects, being the first prince who  
established a code of Russian laws. His  
children married into most of the royal  
families of Europe. At his death, in  
1054, he divided his dominions amongst  
his five sons; and the unfortunate country  
reaped again the inevitable anarchy re-  
sulting from such a division. Foreign  
troops were called in to fight the battles of  
the brothers; and Poles, Tartars, and  
Hungarians devastated the land. Isaslaf  
who succeeded to the principal provinces,  
died in 1078, leaving two sons; but was  
succeeded by his brother Vsevolod, in  
whose reign a terrible plague devastated  
the country. He died in 1093, and was  
followed by Sviatoslof II., as the eldest  
branch of the house of Rurik. During  
his reign Russia was invaded by the Tar-  
tars under Genghis Khan, who in their  
progress leveled cities and destroyed every-  
thing. Sviatoslof was driven from his  
throne, and took refuge in Poland. The  
Tartars set up Uscias, his brother in his  
stead. A civil war followed, the usurper

was dethroned, and the rightful prince re-  
stored. Sviatoslof II. died in 1113, and  
Vladimir II., his cousin, ascended the  
throne. He restored peace to the distress-  
ed country, and at his death in 1126 left  
it at peace both at home and abroad. At  
his decease the throne was seized and va-  
cated by eleven princes consecutively.—  
Meteslof, son of Vladimir, at length estab-  
lished himself. During his reign of six  
years Russia again suffered from an awful  
famine and pestilence. Dying in 1132,  
he was succeeded by his brother Yaropolk,  
who reigned seven years. Vsevolod the II.  
ascended the throne in 1139, and died in  
1145. He was succeeded by Igor, whose  
detestable tyranny endured only six weeks,  
when the hatred of his people hurled him  
from his throne. He made way for Isaslaf  
II., who in his turn was deposed by  
Iouri I., in 1154. It was in his reign that  
Genghis Khan again advanced into Russia,  
committing atrocities unparalleled in history.  
His army numbering 100,000 men,  
slaughtered all who fell into their hands,  
and razed cities, towns, and villages, to  
the ground. Iouri collected his troops  
and marched against them; but in the  
fight he fell covered with wounds, and his  
followers were destroyed to a man. Rus-  
sia did not recover for centuries from this  
terrible invasion.

Civil war ensued upon the death of  
Iouri, who as usual had divided the suc-  
cession among his sons. In 1174, Mik-  
hail I. assumed the sovereign power, dying  
at the end of two years, when Vsevolod  
III. ascended the throne, his reign was  
long and stormy, and his country a prey  
to the invasions of the Mongols and  
Tartars. He died in 1212, and again five  
pretenders to the supreme power, his sons,  
began a barbarous strife for dominion.—  
A civil conflict of six years ended in estab-  
lishing Iouri, the eldest son, on the throne  
in 1218, whose reign was signalized by a  
new famine and mortality, and a new  
Tartar invasion. He was succeeded in  
1238 by Yaroslaf II., in whose reign the  
Sweeds invaded Russia, but were re-  
pulsed by the young prince Alexander of  
Novogorod. The whole of the Russian  
provinces were at this period virtually sub-  
ject to the Tartars and Mongols, who had  
on the banks of the Volga a camp of 600,  
000 men; and many of the succeeding  
princes had to profess fealty to the Khan,  
to retain even a semblance of power.

We pass over a period of two hundred  
years, during which the successive sover-  
eigns of Russia were practically under  
Tartar dominion, and proceed to the reign  
of Ivan the Great, who came to the throne  
in 1462. At this time the Tartar power  
in Russia was beginning to decay. Ivan  
made vigorous war against it, defeated  
Achmet in a pitched battle, penetrated to  
his camp, giving it to the flames, finally  
blotted out the Golden Horde which had  
held Russia in thrall for more than two  
centuries. He also made conquest in  
Poland, and at the end of the war gave  
his daughter in marriage to one of the  
Polish princes. He consolidated the sover-  
eign power in his own person, and more  
than any of his predecessors, deserved the  
title of sovereign. He was the first to  
adopt the title of czar, and in his reign  
relations were first established between  
Russia and Great Britain. According to  
the Russian historians, he was "the  
savior of Russia, the author of domestic  
unity, of the imperial power, and of the  
national liberty;" but he was notwithstanding  
a cruel despot, and had criminals  
burned to death for heresy. The knout  
was introduced in his day.

## (To be concluded.)

## A WORD TO YOUNG WIVES.

Do not be in a hurry, directly you are  
married, to hire a kitchenful of servants.  
Consider first what your means will prop-  
erly allow, and what will really add to domestic  
comfort, rather than what will gratify  
your own regard to appearances. Let the  
young wife remember that that much of  
her husband's success is in her power.—  
Also to the necessity of keeping more







inst. from Boston, reports 27th ult., lat 30 30, tell in with schr Susan Ludwig lumber-laden in distress, with rudder gone and leaking badly; master and crew wished to be taken off, but Melville was unable to do so, in consequence of heavy weather. The John Pierce laid by her until the 30th, when a N W gale came on, and separated the two vessels. James Murray, first officer of the John Pierce was drowned in capsizing of the boat.

**Silver Plated Cake Basket**  
 FOR the extremely low price of Five Dollars  
 each, for sale by  
**HENRY TISDALE**  
 Dec 29. 198 Thames

**Children's Belts.**  
JUST RECEIVED and for sale low, forty do  
Children's Leather Belts, at 114 Thames st  
April 14 JACOB WEAVER

**G**ents Dress Winter Gloves, at  
Oct 13 MUMFORD'S

**Clocks.**—Mahogany Frame Brass Clocks at 92 cents each, with a variety of Eight Day and 30 Hour Clocks at low prices, at 22 Broad street.

June 29. CORNELL & DENNIS.

All persons having demands against us will  
please call and receive their pay.  
NEWTON BROTHERS.  
Newport, December 8, 1855.



### Medicines.

**AYER'S**

**CATHARTIC PILLS**

OPERATE by their powerful influence on the

late it in healthy action. They remove the obstructions of the stomach, bowels, liver, and other parts of the body, and by restoring their regular action they prevent the irregularities which are so dangerous as the first causes of illness, such derangements as are the first causes of illness, such derangements as are the first causes of illness.

An extensive trial of their virtues, by Professors, Physicians, and Patients, has shown cases of dangerous diseases almost beyond belief, where they not only cured, but by producing such exalted positions of health and character as formed the basis of great talents. Their certificates are published in my *American Almanac*, which the Agents below named are pleased to furnish free to all inquiring.

I annex we give *Directions* for their use in the manner in which they have been found to cure, and also some *Cautions* to be observed in their use. Such quantity as testifies more the benefits, &c.

Piles, and the cure of one complaint is the cure of both. No person can feed well while under a costive habit of body. Hence it should be, as it can be, generally adopted.

FOR HYPERACIDITY, which is sometimes the cause of indigestion, the following doses will be of great service:—from one to four— to stimulate the stomach and liver into healthy action. They will do it, and the food will be better digested, and a robust appetite will rapidly develop. When it has gone, don't stop what you're doing.

FOR BRUISES, or *Morbid Inflammation of Blood*, which produces general depression of the spirits and bad health, take from four to eight pills three or four times a day, until the blood is purified and strength is restored to the system.

FOR NEURASTHENIA, STICK HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, and all the ailments of the nervous system, take from four to eight pills on going to bed. If they do not operate sufficiently, take more the next day until they produce a decided effect on the system. Don't wear these and their kindred diseases because your stomach is bad.

FOR SCURVY, take the Pills freely and frequently, to keep the bowels open. The eruptions will generally disappear, and the skin will be healthy. The dreadful ulcers and sores have been healed by the purging and purifying effect of these Pills, and the system is so strengthened that the disease will never return. The whole system have completely yielded to the influence, leaving the sufferer in perfect health.

FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN, you should parade yourself around the world covered with pimples, blotches, ulcers, sores, and all or any of the diseases of the skin, because the whole system wants cleansing.

cin ever discovered. They should be taken freely and frequently, and the impurities which sow the seeds of incurable diseases will be swept out of the system like chaff before the wind. By this property they do as much good in preventing sickness as by the remarkable cures which they are making every where.

**LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, and all Bilious Affections** arise from some derangement—either torpidity, congestion, or obstructions of the Liver.

it unfit for digestion. This is dangerous to the health, and the constitution is frequently undermined by no other cause. Indigestion is the source of many diseases. When the bile enters the stomach causes the bile to excrete into the blood. This produces Jaundice, with a long and dangerous train of evils. Costiveness, or alternately costiveness and diarrhea, prevails. Febrile symptoms, languor, low spirits, weariness, restlessness, and melancholy, with sometimes inability to sleep, and sometimes great drowsiness, sometimes the tongue is coated with a yellow and the white of the eyes become a greenish yellow; the stomach acid; the bowels sore to the touch; the whole system irritable, with a tendency to fever, which may turn to bilious fever, bilious colic, bilious

or four Pills taken at night, followed by two or three in the morning, and repeated a few days, will remove the cause of all these troubles. It is wicked to suffer such pains when you can cure them for 25 cents.

**RHEUMATISM, GOUT, and Inflammatory Fevers** are rapidly cured by the effect of these Pills upon the blood and the stimulus which they afford to the vital principle of Life. For these and all kindred complaints they should be taken in mild doses, to move the bowels gently, but freely.

As a **DINNER PILL**, this is both agreeable and useful. No Pill can be made more pleasant to take, and certainly none has been made more effective for the purpose for which a dinner pill is employed.

PREPARED BY

**Practical and Analytical Chemists,**  
**LOWELL, MASS.,**  
**AND SOLD BY**  
**R. J. TAYLOR, and HAZARD & CASWELL**  
of Newport. [Aug 25]

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**MARVELLOUS REMEDY!**  
FOR A MARVELLOUS AGENT



**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT.**

**THE GRAND EXTERNAL REMEDY.**

By the aid of a microscope, we see millions of little openings on the surface of our bodies

the skin, is carried to any organ or inward part of the body, it is carried to the skin, and the Diseases of the Kidneys, disorders of the Liver, affections of the heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Rheumatism, Gout, and the Venereal Disease, Asthma, Coughs, and Colds, are by its use effectually cured. Every housewife knows it is so, especially cured through bone or meat of any kind. This Ointment is so penetrating, that it readily penetrates through any bone or flesh, and cures the living body, curing the most dangerous inward complaints that cannot be reached by any other means.

**ERYSIPLES, SALT RHEUM & SCORBUTIC HUMORS.**  
No remedy has ever done so much for the cure of these diseases of the Skin, as this Ointment. I assume that this Ointment, No case of Salt Rheum, Scurvy, Sore Heads, Scrofula, or Erysipelas, has long withstood its influence. The inventor has travelled over many parts of the globe, visiting

**SORE LEGS, SORE BREASTS, WOUNDS & ULCERS**  
Some of the most scientific surgeons now rely on the use of this wonderful Ointment when having to cope with the worst cases of sores, wounds, ulcers, glandular swellings, tumors. Professor Holloway has, by command of the Allied Governments, dispatched to hospital of the East, large shipments of Ointment, to be used under the direction of Medical Staff, in the worst cases of wounds will cure any ulcer, glandular swelling, stiffness or contraction of the joints, even of twenty years standing.

These and other similar distressing complaints can be effectually cured if the Ointment be rubbed in over the parts affected, and by otherwise following the printed directions accompanying each pot.

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*Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:*

Bunions	Sore Legs
Burns	Sore Breasts
Chapped Hands	Sore Heads

Flatulas	Sores of all kinds
Gout	Sprains
Lumbago	Scalds
Mercurial Eruptions	Swelled Glands
Piles	Stiff Joints
Rheumatism	Ulcers
Salt Rheum	Venereal Sores
Skin Diseases	Wounds of all kinds

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 tients in disorder are affixed to each box.  
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**WILL** remove Tar, Paint, Wheel Grease, &c from Cloth, Woolens, Silks, Carpets, Colours, and even fine Ribbons and Laces, in and without injury to color or fabric. Can be relied upon even where paint dried and baked. Every family should have a pound. Prepared only by  
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